

November, 1953

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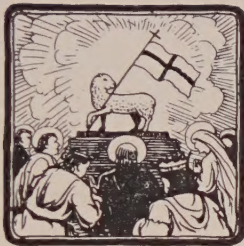


Saint Mary at the Cross

By Titian

The Holy Cross Magazine

Nov.



1953

They Pray Too

By JOSEPH H. BESSOM, O.H.C.

"Ash-hadu an la ilaha ill Allah . . . Muhammadan Ras Ullah: I confess no divinity except Allah . . . Muhammad is Prophet of Allah."

ABOUT 1920 Bishop Overs of the Missionary District of Liberia, was concerned lest the great interior of the country pass into Muhammadanism. The faith in Mecca had entered the grasslands to the northwest about 1050, and the marvel is that the ensuing Muslim empires of the middle ages had not been influential enough to use their creed to cover all West Africa. The descendants of the old empire builders are moving towards the sea as the Bishop pondered. In Liberia it was Mandingos who were infiltrating from French Guinea.

Since they worship God, why worry if they did take over the area as their new advance into the forest lands seemed to promise? One reason is that their way makes for stagnation.* Except where conquests give them new resources, they remain in, or return to crystallization. Today they use the mechanical things of western civilization, but however he taught, Muhammad did set powerfully bad examples by taking revenge, using force and war, practicing excesses of polygamy, and low-bracketing the position of women.

but at heart they are bound to a religion that seems to have incorporated into itself the spirit of mob psychology. (Christians can also stagnate of course, but seem to retain the capacity to criticise themselves, and reform.)

The winning of the Hinterland to Islam would have penned the Christians and the Christian Republic to coastal communities while Kuranic law and religion swayed the interior.

The Bishop sought an opening for the establishing of outposts against this threat. The intrepid young missionary, William Hoke Ramsaur, spied out the land in 1921. His circuit through the western portion of the hinterland was, in proportion, as great and fruitful as the epic journeys of Livingstone: (1) the Church on the coast pressed into the near interior above Cape Mount, (2) a Pennsylvania group undertook to care for Loma country, and (3) the Order of the Holy Cross was assigned to Bandi and Ksi areas. Unfortunately, the Loma work did not get its share of attention or staff, and it faded out during the depression. Its center, Kpandemai, was at last offered

to the Order which began a small effort there in 1944. This revived Ramsaur Memorial School has about forty pupils and now enjoys one permanent building, a classroom, the gift of Alumni of the Episcopal Theological School.

We would be as much amazed as saddened should any pupil turn anything but Christian after attending even a few grades in one of our schools. Muslim parents realize this also. The zealous keep their children out of our schools. Others recognize school entrance as a tacit farewell to Islam.

Our network of educational and evangelistic locations gives good hope that the fierce faith will not build up en bloc, in community strength. Within our area we can expect that the pagan who seeks an intelligent betterment will look to Christianity. But just in our rear, nearer the sources of Muslim immigration, there are whole villages whose scores or hundreds turn Meccawards to pray.

We have the good fortune to be spreading a higher type of civilization. Becoming Christian is also entering Western culture. But our best efforts in medicine, education, and economics give us no invincible lead in gaining the country. Local Muhammadanism is degenerate enough to take advantage of native magic and to allow its sharper devotees to profit from the business of amu-

lets, animal sacrifices, oaths, blessings, curses and foretelling and influencing the future. Only to the highly enlightened West Africa can be this sphere of magic *not* the power in life. The Muslim teacher demands of his convert no change from polygamy, too little change in his attitude toward superstition. In general morals, on paper Muslim ethics are little less strict than our own, but this fact would not be readily believed out here!

Since the native's dominant idea is magic rules life, he can easily overlook the values of Christian medicine, education and economics, and ascribe any personal benefits as due to the powers in which he really believes. Since the Muslim is thought to stand in well with the spirits, our cultural assets do not of necessity give us a lead in the race. We cannot debase Christianity to meet the local, deteriorated Muhammadanism on this level. The truth of our religion is only made convincing by clarifying it up and down the country, in and out of the institutions—and by living it.

Well, besides getting alert, change pagans first, what are we doing to reach the Muslim problem? Not much. Like every other mission, we are so busy with commitments and their steady extension that there is no time to think of a special job like evangelism for Islam.

Our first effort was a fast false start. I got Christian literature from Cairo to Masambol. It sold spectacularly well. A wise teacher of Muslim ancestry broke the bubble by telling us that only a few could even read Arabic in the proper script. (West Africa has its own kind, one that looks like Syriac as if the Carthaginian explorers had left it behind them!) But the Mandingos were glad to buy books in order to appear learned. We decided that the teacher should conduct a class by which Masambol people might learn the classical script to read our Christian material. Just after we got primers, the teacher got a chance to study at Cuttington College, and left us with the packet of booklets.

"The palaver reaches you." It must be or nothing, so I began to learn the alphabet.



FR. BESSOM CONDUCTING ARABIC CLASS



MARKET DAY—BOLAHUN

I did not find this pleasant. "What about learning Mendi," I hopefully asked the leader. "your other tongue in which so much has been printed?" "We want Arabic." I continued to study at spare times, helped by the story of a happening here when the founding Fathers wanted to begin an out-station school. "I'll teach for you," offered a young man with true West African self-assurance. He went to the new work, but complaints began coming from would-be scholars that they were not being taught. My inquiry brought this earnest rejoinder from the pedagogue, "How can I teach this primer book until I learn it myself?"

Well, there is now a literacy class with primers and charts. After the language study there are devotions in Arabic and a voluntary instruction in Christian doctrine. The great Christian teachings have been extended with the help of two manuals which advise a would-be missionary to Muslims.

The results of more than a year's work are quite unimpressive. A few have moved on in the primer, and the best are ready for easy reading. Listeners sometimes express thanks for ethical or theistic teaching. When Christian truth is proclaimed, some sit dead pan, some scurry

away, and some answer back. At least it is good for them to have the chance to free themselves from the caricatures of Christian teaching now current among them and from the garbled accounts of Christ's Person and Ministry seen in the Kuran.

The preacher to Muslims is quick to become fond of them, to hope against hope for them, to marvel that these fellow-monotheists have held out so long, to feel confident of the eventual capitulation of the "Sect of Muhammad," and to suffer no doubt that the work is worth the effort.

While on this subject, may we consider why it may be that western sojourners find (and sometime publicise) a preference for Muslims as employes: "Give me a 'Mollie' house steward every time!" Islam bestows a dignity and self respect which are appealing. The employer may not care that these come from a culture pattern which is not humane and from a theology which is not humbling—it shows God as granting justification on a man's own plea of penitence and on a man's own offering of a difficult (unspiritual?) round of exercises. The native Christian is awkward in a culture pattern that does not fit him so readily—binding trousers, symbol of the West, cannot be so quickly worn with dignity as the flowing

robe. (Of course it is the native's own insistence, not our influence, that ties him to Occidental externals). But he is copying the trappings of a liberal way of life. Nor can the thoughtful native Christian find material for dignity and self-assurance in his religion. He has left paganism with its guaranteed (!) results, avoided Islam with its rather much of the same, to place himself among treasures of pardon and power which become or remain his only as he has a child-like trust in saving things done *for* him but nowise *by* him. A child-like trust does not lift up the head, however much it will lift up the heart.

Again, the Muslim has a position in the Islamic brotherhood. He can *feel* his fraternity with co-religionists. But the native

Christian cannot usually *feel* brotherhood through the behavior of Western Christians. He must try to believe in it despite the lack of signs. He knows that Christianity transcends every relationship, also that there should be deepening fellowship among its professors. What symbols of this will pass between foreign and native Christians?

But the amiable Muslim wants no such brotherhood with a Westerner whose dirt is largely dirt to him and whose touch would defile his dead body. He can give that exact kind of deference or companionship so possible between those who agree that neither has the slightest concern for the other's soul.

The native Christian employé is accused of pilfering. The little sweets and euphorics he takes are such as a friend feels free to pick up in the quarters of his friend. You cannot pilfer from such a person. (But in our case both parties exchange amenities.) Well, the native is slowly beginning to bring his tributes of friendship. Meanwhile, unfortunately for all, the emerging West African wants to buy so many "civilized" things and he thinks his services are so valuable that his conscience does not register a great sense of obligation to employers. It does not mean that he cannot be faithful; indeed he can! But he really thinks he is worth a great deal of pay. Doesn't the foreigner pay a huge reward for local work? Even the missionary religious have to maintain establishments that look like the lap of luxury: the man with a jungle background. Anyway, if the Christian employé makes a bit of money with what he handles, he thinks he is justified. The employer can try to convert this into a give and take fellowship, or he can endure the trouble of keeping things checked or locked up.

The West African is awkward today in the use of that religion by which alone he can gain continuing advance. At least we should not think of letting him go with *less* opportunity for Christian influence. Here Islam is like a bright, sturdy Ferris wheel. Christianity is like a heavily loaded freight train barely moving. But it alone will take him where he needs to go.

Devoutly Kneeling

BY ANNE TROTT TALMAGE

X

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

Herein we do admit that we are bound
By chains of frailty to that slender side
We call our better selves. When pressed
around

By such a simple thing as choice, a
wide

Selection leaves us weakened to the
point

Of great bewilderment. We know we
can

So easily, when tempted, fall. Anoint
Our eyes with truth. Go Thou before
and ban

From us all thoughts and deeds that
make us stray

From things of good report. Be Thou
at length

A constant guardian for our stumbling
way

That we be tempted not beyond our
strength.

In mercy guide our footsteps lest we
see

Our weaknesses with too much clarity.

v

Our Lord is An Orphan

BY ROBERT L. SEEKINS, JR.

PERHAPS I should explain that the title of this article is not intended to be either facetious or blasphemous; it is only a viewpoint, commonly held in complete unconsciousness of its implications. The major assumptions are that mere mention of the Mother of our Lord is something quite beyond the pale of good conduct on the part of a Christian, and more often, mention made only to belittle and disparage her as though she were a superstitious addition to the Christian Faith who had been manufactured by the figment of misled people's imagination, rather than that she was the chosen agent of God for the purpose of sending His Son into the world. What follows is written by a Priest of the Church who believes "all the Articles of the Christian Faith contained in the Apostles' Creed," which is very likely the only reason for its being written at all.

That brings to mind the young lady who walked out of service one Sunday after service, murmuring words which sounded like: "Just like the (Roman) Catholic Church . . . prayers to the Virgin Mary. . . ." Since I could not recall that we were "like" or that we had "prayers" of this nature, my first impulse was to rise in wrath and to ask what was so wrong with brothers looking and acting alike, or did she mean that Roman Catholics are not Christians too? And then I hesitated and kept silent. . . .

The thought had suddenly occurred to me that hers was no isolated experience. Many folk in our Church feel the compulsion upon them to say such things, sometimes with no apparent reason. It would have been wrong to have chastised her for the fault of so many of the rest of us. The disturbing realization came to me that, after all, for nearly four hundred and five years, since Anglicanism took its shape amid the convulsions of the Reformation period, has not our blessed Lord been in the process of becoming, for Protestantism and its circle of

friends, something of a motherless orphan? We will die to confess our Faith in His Father; but we will almost die before we will ever confess that He had a Mother.

Even at Christmastime, the picture of motherhood at its tender best, which still appeals fairly universally in the modern world, is somehow geared so as to pare down the humanity of our Lord's being and to exalt His divinity, if only by singing those carols of the season which have to do with shepherds, angels, and Wise Men, instead of

"O that birth forever blessed,

When the Virgin, full of grace,

By the Holy Ghost conceiving,

Bare the Saviour of our race"

(Hymn 20)

More to our general congregational liking seems to those which run:

"It came upon the midnight clear,

That glorious song of old"

or, "O little town of Bethlehem,

How still we see thee lie!

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,

The silent stars go by."

During the remainder of the Christian Year, it is even sadder, for it takes a courageous person indeed who will dare even mention the fact that God chose a young maiden of the Jewish race to be the Mother of His Son on earth; that God announced the birth of Jesus to her by archangelic means in the first words of the "Hail Mary;" "Hail, thou that are highly favored (R. V. endued with grace), the Lord is with thee" (St. Luke 1:28ff.); that this same Mary accepted her great and glorious responsibility gladly and humbly (St. Luke 1:38); that her kinswoman, Elizabeth, upon seeing her for the first time after Gabriel's salutation, recognized Mary's greatness, lifting up her voice to say the next words of the "Hail Mary:" "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb" (St. Luke 1:42); that the grand

canticle of Evening Prayer called the "Magnificat," is actually the "Song of the Blessed Virgin" (St. Luke 1:46-55) in answer to Elizabeth's salutation and that during the period of the birth of Jesus, it is Mary who appears behind the great staging of the drama, working with God in adapting the scenery which could be understood through the mortal senses of men: "And she brought forth her firstborn son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger" (St. Luke 2:7), so that when the shepherds finally arrived on the stage at the stable, it is to find there Mary and Joseph, watching over the babe in the manger, wrapped by Mary's loving hands in the first, warm garments she has prepared for Him. (St. Luke 2:16).

It would, indeed, serve no other purpose than to further our contention that the Virgin Mary was not some "third person" injected into this divine-human drama in history, were we to restate the many references in the Gospel story to our Lord's Mother which occur during His earthly ministry, and though He himself gives her seemingly scant attention in these passages of Scripture, it is still apparently factual and capable of demonstrable proof that He never really

turned His back on her. His seeming impatience with her at the marriage feast of Cana (St. John 2:1): "Woman, what have I to do with thee? mine hour is not yet come," upon examination, seems to indicate simply that her request is out of order at the present moment, for He goes on to do, in His own method, exactly what she, by implication, has requested: find more wine for the wedding feast (St. John 2:9).

Again, three of the Gospels (St. Matthew 12:47; St. Mark 3:2; and St. Luke 8:2) record the instance in which our Lord is informed that His Mother and brethren seek to speak with Him: "Who is my mother? He is reported to have said, "and who are my brethren? . . ." and answering His inquiry, with a motion of His hand towards His disciples, says: "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, he is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Must this necessarily be interpreted to indicate His complete abandonment of Mary? Was it not possible for her, too, to be included, to "do the will of His Father who is in heaven?" Could there not be other more important matters in hand, at the moment, than speaking with His immediate family; for example, the using of their parent intrusion to prove a point in an argument which hitherto has been completely missed by His audience?

And must we not counterbalance these seemingly harsh moments with the imponderable love and care for family which He must have learned in His own home in Nazareth and which He expounded at every opportunity when He began to preach and teach? There are the homely examples of a woman who has lost something valuable who sweeps the house, searching carefully until the lost article comes to light (St. Luke 15:8ff). Any apparent hardness would seem to stem, not from lack of affection for His Mother, but rather from the absolute demands which He was making upon men which He still makes upon us today.

For, if He needed further proof of His devotion to His Mother, we should look not to the dying Jesus on His cross, as He placed the care of His Mother in the hands of



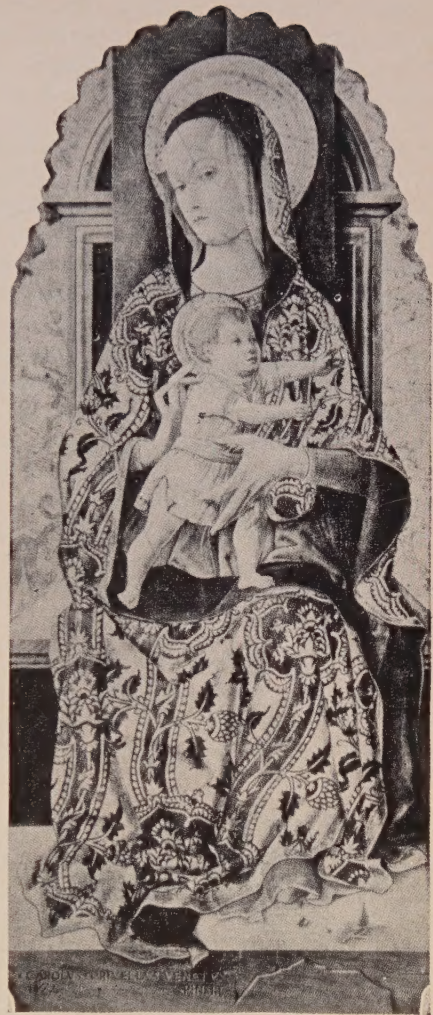
ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR
By Jacopi

loved and trusted John; the thought for His Mother even in the moments of His anguishing agony.

Again, if He needed to know her feelings, when His earthly journey is finished on Calvary, we have only to see her gathering the spices for the burial and with the other women, wending her sorrowful way in the early morning to the tomb to prepare His body for its burial; or to hear that she is numbered with those in the Upper Room after His Ascension, waiting on the voice and coming of God's Holy Spirit.

These instances are recorded for us in the Scriptures. They show us the Woman who stood behind the manward drama of God; the one who continues her devotion to Her Son from before His birth until after His death; simple in her belief and acceptance of God's will for her life; often in her simplicity, as in the Temple story, not quite understanding why He does the things He does; yet always within His reach, with Him, loving Him.

Our own love for her stems not entirely from what the Gospel story tells us as much from what it leaves untold. I thought as I heard the modern miss speaking, how unfortunate for us today that the Bible does not tell us about the lot of women in those days as compared with our own times! How often we moderns can be about this piety and devotion for the Blessed Virgin, even among women, whose condition is so much improved by Christian ideals, many of which have come about because earlier generations of Christian folk, in their love for Mary, transferred their affection and esteem for her to other women also. But, of course, the reason the Gospel story fails to tell us of these things is, that the men who wrote the story were themselves the product of their age. They could see little wrong with the inferior place of women in their day; little wrong in bartered marriages, easy divorces for men, chattel slaves for wives, and the absolute authority of the husband in his own household. These men were only beginning to see a glimmer of the light which, through the practice of hundreds of years of Christianity, with its regard for the dignity of per-



MADONNA AND CHILD
By Crivelli

sonality, has resulted, in our day, in the almost universal acceptance of equality for both sexes.

It was a slow process, but the Christian ideals which apply equally to men and women have "rubbed off" on our civilization, and we take them now as our right: marriage became a mutual contract based on love and trust; divorce became something not to be taken lightly by either party to a marriage; husbands began to share the household with their wives. Out of this maelstrom of improving woman's place in the world, women, in many countries were given the opportunity to vote and to enter public

life equally with men, to work equally with men, to share in man's creative enterprises, and sometimes, even to draw a man's pay check for their labor.

In the home, motherhood in our Lord's day was looked upon as a necessary evil in order to have an heir to whom property of a man might pass at his death; while through the centuries, this concept has been retained, now, by means of Christian practice and belief, the ideal of motherhood is expanded into a fine and glorious concept of reverence and devotion. At last, we have come to set aside in "Mary's Month" of May, a "Mother's Day" when we honor all mothers, living and dead. How many of these changes for the improvement of women's condition could have not occurred, except that "God so loved the world that He sent His Son" to be "born of the Virgin Mary."

In the face of our desire not to be superstitious or Roman Catholic or some other "dreadful" thing, we have oftentimes, it seems, avoided a very important factor in

God's plan of salvation. For He not only loved the world; more important, perhaps, He understood the world. Philosophers, theologians have often toyed with various means by which God could have accomplished salvation other than the one which He actually employed. Jesus could have come into the world like Elijah's with a wind or his chariot of flaming horses would certainly have created quite a stir. But God had chosen some such means as this. But God understood that it was through the sharing of our common humanity, the taking of a body, that Jesus could accomplish the matters which God had in mind. And God had arranged, long before, that human bodies are the sole prerogative of human mothers. To the human Mother Jesus could worthily clothe the infinity of God in human form, certainly there should be a vast amount of veneration, adoration, and respect; not to worship her as we worship God or even the One, Jesus Christ, to whom she gave of herself a body; but rather to recognize her for whom she was and is. Virgin Mary, Mother of God, chosen as the earthly creator of God's manifestation of Himself for the salvation of mankind, to deny her this rightful honor is, in a certain sense, to make a motherless orphan of our blessed Lord.

We cannot, I feel, take Christ's Mother away from Him without damaging the Christian Faith to its core. The men who formulated our Creeds seem to have done likewise. They worked out the formula for our Lord's intricate nature, and used, as a starting point, the words "born of the Virgin Mary." To them, it was a matter of major importance to stress the human as well as the divine, nature of Jesus, and to do this required this cornerstone of our faith about His Mother.

There are several more or less minor factors which operate in this realm of the faith about our Lord's mother. They are not only in that they do not assume or have yet assumed a major part in our thinking. However, one of these, the belief in Mary's intercessory powers in relation to her Son, tends to become a subject for increas-



MADONNA AND CHILD

discussion. Certainly, one of the ways in which we unconsciously take away Mary's motherhood is by our denial to her of the powers of prayer which we readily ascribe to all the major Saints and to not a few minor ones as well. It is, at least, a false belief, if not a doctrine necessary to refutation, that the Person whom we have just here describing, while on earth possessing such a measure of the finer qualities of tenderness, should have retained and changed the nature of her love, not only for her Son, but also for those of us in whom her Son was supremely interested, even to the point of dying for us. It is difficult to believe in any true "Communion of the Saints" which fails to take into account the continuance of those qualities of blessedness which elevated them to holy living during their lifetime and which places a barrier between the intercommunication, through prayer, of those in the Church Expectant on earth with those in the Church Triumphant in heaven. It is equally hard to believe that God does not hear the intercessions of those saints in the Church Triumphant whose lives are so closely bound up with His will upon earth that the holy light of sainthood showed through them for even the sin-hindered eyes of ordinary men to see. And that is why I believe that the saintly Virgin Mary, who humbly and gladly shared in my Lord's plan for salvation on earth, is also now, in heaven, interested in my own salvation. If we make our prayers in her name, it is not to lessen the doctrine of Christ's intercession which we express "through Jesus Christ our Lord," but is indeed an extension of the very doctrine by which we make these prayers to our Lord, in order that we on earth may have truly "the Communion of Saints," the gaining of "strengthening power, fortifying us together with them," which can only be carried from this life to the next on the wings of prayer.

Perhaps, I should have said all these things to the disturbed young lady. It might have helped her to realize that she is the same and respected person she is today, because Jesus "was born of the Virgin Mary" and the dignity of a common humanity; that she loves her own fine mother because Jesus

taught the dignity of human personality; that her family is one of the finest examples of a Christian home I know because Christianity has permeated our civilization and because, its Head, our Lord, grew up in that kind of family life; that her father and mother love and respect one another, instead of acting as lord and slave, respectively, mainly because the Christian's high regard for womanhood and motherhood stems from a long history of high regard for the womanhood and motherhood of the Blessed Virgin Mary; that she will go to her work each morning because she lives in a society which has adopted Christian principles in relation to women and their worth which stem from Christian devotion to the ideal woman who was worthy to be our Lord's Mother; and that one day, perhaps, she will emulate the Virgin Mary by bringing into being a small part of humanity who will become "the son of God" in Holy Baptism and who will, in his turn, praise her in some such terms as these: "Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women."



ST. KATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA

By Cavallina

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

[November 25]

Be Ye Merciful

BY WILLIAM EDWARD HARRIS, O.H.C.

A ROTARIAN went amongst his friends asking if they knew of the greatest code of human relations ever written. Of course they had heard of the Sermon on the Mount but not one could quote a line of that famous code yet, many of them were church people. In the Sermon on the Mount we have a blue-print for every condition of our life, yet people will go on living as Thoreau says in "quiet desperation" ignoring the plan and the way for a happy, contented life.

People will go to doctors, psychiatrists or try to drown out their troubles by excitement, drink, drugs and whatever comes handy at the moment. Yet if we only follow the plan set down for us by our Lord our troubles would mostly disappear. The plan is not easy to put into practice but then life is not a bed of roses. Jesus said: "If any man will follow me let him take up his cross."

Out of His great love God created man, gave him a free will so that he could choose the evil or choose the good. Man chose evil and turned his will against God. For centuries man went along getting worse and the cry went up to Heaven: "O, if God would only come down to earth and help us." God heard that cry and "sent His Only begotten Son that whosoever believeth should not perish."

Jesus came and lived among men and showed them how to live. Suffered everything we do—pain, sorrow, hunger, thirst, temptation, persecution and death. Yet man still goes on doing things contrary to the will of God. But God is merciful and goes after man in the way told so graphically in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. God goes after everyone of His children until He finds. He never wearies in the search. He uses various methods—in our living together, in sickness, some tragedy, in the beauty of the world, in His Church and the use of the Sacraments.

In mercy and love for us Jesus instituted the Service of Holy Communion in order that we might have Food for our souls. "That eateth my flesh and drinketh My Blood hath Eternal Life." "Except ye eat of the Body and drink of that Blood ye have no life in you." That's the way God is continually showing His mercy toward us. At the Altar that we can learn the true meaning of mercy.

To be merciful is to be like God; to have a share in that state of righteousness which exceeds the "righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees." At first glance mercy seems such a simple virtue. We are apt to think of mercy being shown to a dog or cat, or giving money to a beggar. That's not mercy—that's often condescension; giving a little superiority. We feel somehow a little other a little satisfied with ourselves in doing it. Nor is mercy like a teacher who may punish a pupil who rightly should be left back because he did not exert his best to make passing grade.

Mercy is not as simple a virtue as it seems for when we try to practise it is its true meaning we find it extremely difficult. It is not easy for us to be merciful or compassionate with our brothers or sisters because they are of our own flesh and blood. Or if one is travelling in a foreign country and he comes across one of our own countrymen he would do all he could to help him. Those who have grown in wisdom don't have much trouble in extending mercy because they know from experience that misfortune may overtake them at any time. Also the weak and the poor know what suffering is so they can look up to their fellow sufferers with the eyes of mercy.

Those who find mercy difficult are those who are continually disagreeable; always ready to quarrel with any; those who have lived through life with a chip on their shoulder. So too those who are confident nothing will happen to them, those sure of their position, their health or happiness.

who are very proud. These individuals are apt to be contemptuous of the misery of others because you see they only think of themselves.

God is merciful not because he is a blood relative nor because something will happen to him, but simply because he is our friend. In a very real sense our misfortunes are His. We are one with Him, not by a physical bond but by the bond of love.

Mercy is not sentimentality. For instance it is easy to be angry at a Judge who condemns a criminal to death as was so clearly demonstrated in the case of the Rosenbergs.

We could be very sympathetic with a man who has turned a machine gun on the police. These are not the virtue of mercy. Mercy must proceed along rational lines to the goal of reason.

What then is the real meaning of mercy? It is benevolence in the truest and fullest sense of the word. To be merciful to any person is to desire his highest good and to do all we can to fulfill that end by any legitimate means, however great a self-sacrifice may be involved in so doing.

Not once and for all times but remembering our own unworthiness and need for the mercy of God and working to bring that soul to a better state of life. This is a vitally important part of mercy and where most people stop short. The Good Samaritan did not merely go to the wounded man and pour wine and oil into his wounds and let it go at that. No, he took him to an Inn, kept in touch with him and saw that he was well cared for. He felt his obligation to follow up the good work begun, therefore he showed true mercy.

Fr. Dolling who worked untiringly and successfully in a slum parish in Landport, England, also felt his obligation to carry out his mercy to all unfortunates. Whenever a difficult case came up it was usual to send it to Fr. Dolling. A man of his parish was a victim of alcoholism. Every time he was thrown in the gutter his friends sent him to Fr. Dolling who would lift him up and set him on his feet again. A parishioner said to Fr. Dolling: "Why do you bother with that man, as soon as you pick him up he is down



ANCIENT CRUCIFIXION

in the gutter again." "Well, some day I hope he will die standing up."

The merciful are those who fulfill the second and great commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Mercy and forgiveness go together. For instance if someone does us harm it's not likely we shall take that person by the throat and say: "Pay me that thou owest," as the steward did who owed his master 100 talents and was forgiven the debt but went out and found a fellow-servant who owed him 100 pence and forced him to pay. Though we do sometimes make fun or ridicule another's faults and say cutting and sarcastic things to try to get back our own.

Or we frequently take offence and go into our self-centeredness, mull over it, until what was really a mole becomes a mountain. At such times we say within ourselves—"Well I'll forgive but I'll not forget." What is usually meant that at some opportune time I'll pay back. Supposing God were to show mercy to us in that way? God does not hold our sins before us, because "God manifests His

power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity." That's why our Lord while on the Cross prayed to His Father, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." That's why St. Stephen said while the stones were falling upon him: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Lexie came to Mt. Calvary in Santa Barbara. He had spent some years working with the underground forces in Austria. He was caught and put in prison. At the same time a Franciscan priest was in the cell with him. Often they were taken out and beaten. After one such experience they were back in their cell and Lexie saw the priest kneeling down praying. "What are you doing there?" "I am praying for those who beat us." "O, you are crazy I wouldn't pray for them." The priest replied: "Our Lord said:

pray for those who persecute you and spitefully use you." Lexie now comes regularly to the monastery to make his confessions.

"Forgive and ye shall be forgiven." That is a hard saying who can bear it? It is hard but that's why we live in a family, community, or parish that we may have opportunities to exercise forgiveness and mercy. It is hard to forgive because we are selfish. We hold up our poor wounded hearts and take much pleasure in contemplating them. But no matter how much we have been wronged, the thing we need most is not pity for our sad fate, (which in most cases I have been brought on by ourselves) but mercy for our own sins.

When a difficulty arises between two people, the matter should be dealt with as soon as possible by considering whether the trouble is with me, not the other fellow, then to be the first to make amends and pray sincerely for the injured one.

Take the Lord's prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Every time we say the Lord's Prayer, we are conditioning our own forgiveness from God by the way we forgive others.

You recall Jesus said: "When you come to offer your gift and there remember that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift, first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift." What our Lord is asking for here is that we want to follow Him is that we should have right, wrong relationships. The first thing we have to do is to begin with ourselves. The Chinese prayer is: "O God, convert the whole world but begin with me first."

A lady asked D. L. Moody, the well-known Methodist preacher, "How am I to tell if I am converted?" He replied, "I am your servant." So in considering our conversion we should find out how we live with other people. How much mercy we really exercise toward them. Frequently when people go out amongst strangers they are entirely different from what they are at home. They exert themselves to be more polite, more generous, more considerate, more



ST ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY
[November 19]

ing, more merciful. We seem to take it for granted that our relatives and friends are to put up with us no matter how bad we are, how peevish or fault-finding, grouchy or ill-humored we may be. But is it fair and is it a sporting thing to do? We should be a little more considerate, more thoughtful, more tactful and merciful with those with whom we have to live and work than with those people we meet occasionally.

One of the hardest things all people have to learn is how to live together, in a family, in a community, in school, in the office, in a work-shop or church. The reason there is so much friction in living together is because we want to make others conform to our own pattern. Self-love and pride always want to improve the other fellow. We have to learn to take people as we find them.

It's only by our mercy, passing from emotion to action and doing something practical that our Lord said in the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." St. John says: "Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us and we ought to lay down our life for our Brethren." And again: "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

We must be merciful in our judgments, not making the worst of people, no Devil's advocate in our estimate of other people; we must be gentle in our censures and ever ready to take the charitable, which is generally the true construction of other people's acts and motives—always ready to give the benefit of the doubt.

Again we need to watch out about suspicion. Suspicion shows a lack of faith and distrust in a person—just the opposite of being merciful. In an atmosphere of suspicion people shrivel up, but in an atmosphere of faith and trust our relatives, associates and friends find encouragement and expand and become their true selves. You know the old saying, "Don't believe all you hear and only half of what you see"—a good rule. When tempted to be suspicious we should recall how many times we have been mis-



taken and humiliated.

One of the most pungent recommendations of the Rule of the Order of the Holy Cross says: "We are to cultivate a sense of the limitations of our knowledge of even outward things and to *treasure* up instances where our assured judgment has proved wrong." Jesus warns: "Judge not that ye be not judged for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Mercy implies that we have power over the lives of others. We can use this mercy to wound or to heal; to make one bitter and resentful or to put a forgiving and loving spirit into the heart of the one over whom we have power. We know how words can be like a knife-cut through the heart and bring much suffering; how deeds can crush; how anger and resentment will spoil a life and part friends forever. In refraining from these things we can be like God in showing mercy and pity.

The world needs kindness not only to our immediate family but to everybody. You say: "How shall we be kind and merciful to all; to those who irritate us; those who malign us and say all manner of evil against us falsely or otherwise. We shall find it in the heart of Jesus and in His Code of Human Relations." It's not a theoretical idea. It's all worked out in the Sermon on the Mount, St. Matthew, Chapter 5, 6, 7 and St. Luke 6:17:49.

Every time we do an act of mercy, two people profit by it—the doer and receiver. The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven Upon the plains beneath; it is twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes.

"Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful."

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

Out of the Bush

By RALPH T. MILLIGAN

NYANDAMOLAHUN is the end of the world. It surely is if one thinks in terms of time rather than space, for this town is the farthest outpost of the little Republic of Liberia in West Africa. Separated as it is from the French country by a wide river on the north, and by a day and a half's walk from the little English country of Sierra Leone on the West, there is nothing to be found there of what is known as civilization except a couple of hundred native Africans of the Loma Tribe, mud huts with thatched roofs, and rice farms. Nothing else. The Chief was an old man and very ill. He hardly left his bed but was surrounded at all times by certain elders of the town and through them he cared for the town's affairs. He had sent over thirty boys to the Holy Cross School in Bolahun over the years. This was a very notable record indeed. He was a "progressive." Other chiefs could only boast of two or three boys who had been sent to school. This chief wanted his people to "learn book" and the Mission school was the one opportunity. Several of his boys are now on the Mission staff as teachers or evangelists.

Jalla was one of these boys. Nearly twenty years ago he had entered St. Phillip's School for boys at the Holy Cross Mission in Bolahun. In 1945, when Jalla had completed his elementary training, he sought further education. But in those days there was no High School in Bolahun. (The High School opened a year later). Jalla "left the Mission" and went off to the Coast. With his father's help he managed to pay his way through four years of the College of West Africa (A Methodist High School in Monrovia). During the years that he was away one would hear his name often. The Fathers would speak of him, and the school boys did too. One often wondered what this lad might be like. Then one day Jalla appeared at the Mission and knocked at the Monastery door. He had won a part scholarship to study abroad. It was a Government schol-

arship for \$500 a year for four years, what was known as a *Grant-in-aid*. Jalla was the first boy to graduate from the Mission school who had ever achieved this good fortune.

But what was \$500 for a college or university education in America in 1949? In addition money for travelling and other expenses had to be found. He would go to his father in Nyadamolahun and see if the old man could help him any more. He had not seen his father in four years and now he was very ill. If he had any money at all he would need it. But that was not what the Chief thought. Had he not sent over thirty boys to school? Certainly he had not done this to make a name for himself. The Chief was regarded as a rather wealthy man in Northeast Liberia. His total life savings amounted to \$400. True, he had accumulated much of this through the help of the town men, for he was the Chief and all that the town possessed was turned over to his custody. He was responsible for the people. And now had come this extraordinary request from one of his boys. Would his father bid him to get to America? This was certainly the greatest decision the old man had ever had to make. What could he do for Jalla? After all, he was very ill and near to death, and besides there were other boys in the town, to say nothing of the rest of the people. And the elders of the town—would they think? But the old Chief did not hesitate very long. He turned over the whole of his savings to the boy who was to go to America to study. No doubt he would come back and help his people. It would be worth it. The Chief made a venture of faith.

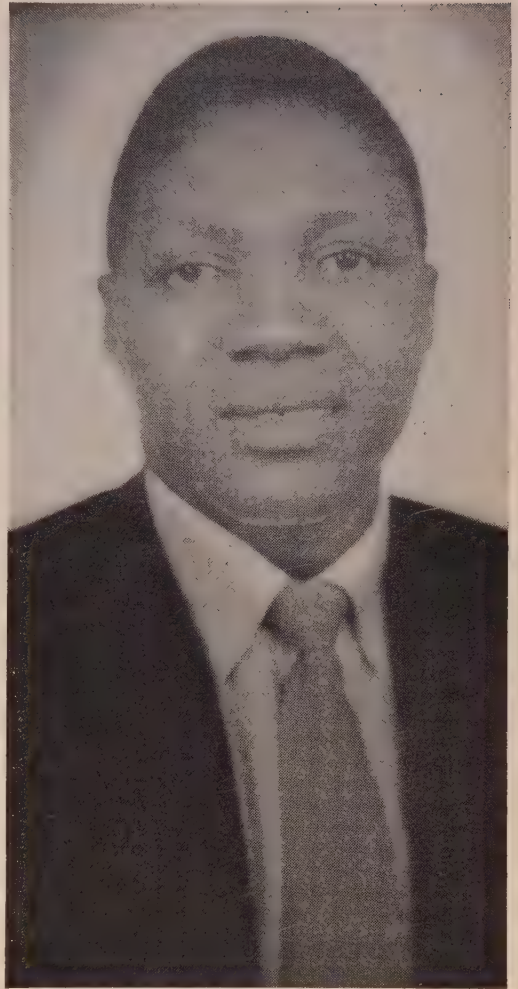
With the \$400 that he had received from his father, with the promise of \$500 a year from the Liberian Government, and with some help from the Fathers at the Mission, he set off for America in June of 1949. An acquaintance in Monrovia had told him that there was a school in Louisiana that

ould take him. On the strength of this he out. He landed in Philadelphia and then le his way to New York. Lonely and htened and somewhat doubtful about the ure, he made his way to the Young Men's ristian Association, where he would put for the night. Here an amusing thing pened that Jalla loves to tell about him- . Standing on the street corner he in- fered of some passer by about a place to . "The nearest place," said the stranger, a small place around the corner where can get Hot Dogs. Jalla stood and ough a moment. Perhaps now that he s in America it wouldn't make any differ- ce, but in Africa, DOG WAS TABOO his tribe!

The only white people he knew in America ere the Holy Cross Fathers. He would ke his way to West Park for a visit, and rhaps for some encouragement and for rly friendly advice the Fathers might be ble to give him.

When Jalla had been in the elementary hool in Bolahun he had been baptized ng with many of his classmates. There e boys of pagan parents are baptized when ey reach the fifth grade and only after a ng and careful preparation. When he was ptized he had taken the Christian name of ugustine. But later on when the Bishop ade his visitation for Confirmation Au- stine had been away at the time and so he d not been confirmed. On the Coast he d fallen away for a while from his Church ties. He was sorry now, and upon his rival at West Park his first request was at he might be confirmed. The Father uperior, Bishop Campbell, confirmed him e Monastery Chapel. There at West ark he made his first Holy Communion in eral years, and when the time came for im to leave, he set off for the South with ew hope and vision.

The University that Augustine entered as a segregated school. The tuition and om was to be \$600. He would get a job and work for the rest and for his food. The year was not a very happy one in the outh and at the end of the year, through



AUGUSTINE JALLA

the influence of some friends Augustine was transferred to the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut. Here the academic standards were higher and so were the fees. He was receiving only \$500 a year from the Liberian Government. What if he failed to pass his courses, or what if he failed to secure the necessary funds. There were books to buy in addition, and clothes. It was another venture of faith, not only for Augustine but for his friends who wanted him in the North. The first school year ended late in May, 1950, and his friends urged him to come North at once. The Rector of St. John's Church in Bridgeport needed an assistant sexton and Augustine could have the job for the summer. In ad-

dition he could have a room in the parish house.

The tuition at the University in Bridgeport was \$1000 at that time, and there would also be the problem of a room and meals. The authorities there were anxious to help. They would take him, and they would give him work at the University to cover the cost of room and meals. He would earn from \$200 to \$300 for his summer work at the Church. If he passed his courses for the first year at Bridgeport, the University would give him full credit for his work in the South and he would enter as a full-fledged Junior in his second year there.

And now Augustine is a graduate of that University. For three years he worked long hours in the University Library; through the help of one kind friend he obtained work in the summers in one of the large department stores in town and for one summer worked as a laborer in one of the local factories.

During his three years there Augustine made many friends, both in school and at work. Once when he was ill in the hospital with a serious case of pneumonia the telephone rang frequently at St. John's Rectory to make inquiries about his condition. One of the ladies of that parish, a medical doctor, saw him through his illness and looked after his health at other times.

In the course of all these things Augustine fell in love. Daisy was a young Negro school teacher in Bridgeport. They had met in November of his Junior year at the University. There was only one problem. Daisy did not belong to the same Church. She was a Roman Catholic. On one occasion she took Augustine to see the priest. No, he would not consider becoming a Roman Catholic. He had been baptised at the Mission School in West Africa, confirmed at the Monastery at West Park, educated by the Fathers at the Mission and had been a regular communicant at St. John's Church since coming to Bridgeport. Then He took Daisy to see the Rector at St. John's. Shortly afterwards she was instructed and received into the Episcopal Church by the Bishop of Connecticut.

On July 18th Augustine and Daisy were married. It was a great occasion. The wedding took place at St. John's Church. There was a Nuptial Mass, and a congregation of over 300 people, about evenly divided between white people and black. Many of Augustine's school mates were there. One of them, his room-mate for three years, was the Best Man. Friends with whom he had worked at the department store were there; the President of the University and his wife were there; several priests who have been his close friends, including three of the Fathers from West Park. One of these was the Prior of the African Mission who happened to be at home on furlough and who had known Augustine since the first day that he entered the Mission School nearly twenty years ago.

For all these things we give thanks not only for what the Holy Cross Liberian Mission means to the people of the Hinterland in West Africa, but also for the many friends who support the Mission and help to make such things possible. In October of this year Augustine and Daisy sailed for Liberia where they will make their home.

Soon after Augustine came to this country his father, the old Chief, died. But Nydamolahun is there and many of the young boys and girls of that town and many others, look to Augustine and Daisy with great hope and longing for themselves.



The Divine Invitation

BY LOUISA B. GILE

If Any Man Will Come After Me, Let Him Take Up His Cross Daily—And Follow Me."

HERE is perhaps no part of Christian faith and practice more often misunderstood and misapplied than that of 'bearing the cross' in our own lives. By some strange twist of our imaginations we have come to the more or less prevalent belief that our "cross" is anything unpleasant that happens to us. We sometimes hear it said, "any trial or difficulty—from a headache to a disagreeable relative, "Well that's my cross; and I'll just have to bear it!" This could be amusing and trivial if it did not contain a grave misapprehension of the deep and powerful principle revealed to us by our Blessed Lord, in the statement 'Let him take up his cross, daily, and follow Me.' As we ponder these words, does it not seem clear that the primary assumption here made is that this action is *voluntary*, not impulsive? And that we have to 'take it up' of our own free will; is it not Our Lord's way to force it upon us? It is a Christian cross offered to each follower of Christ, the cross of self-offering, of self-denial, sacrificial and all-embracing, of the total being turned to God in union with His 'one true and immortal' sacrifice. We may refuse to lift it, and Our Lord in His infinite patience will never lay it on unwilling shoulders. Only if our answering love is strong and intense enough to impel us to want that daily supernatural discipline, for His sake and for our brothers, will He then swiftly give us the grace to receive it from His hands and to discover that His yoke is easy and His burden light. It does take courage to ask for it, even though we know He will share it and as gone before in bearing it.

It does cut right across our egotism, our pride, our stubborn isolationism and self-importance, and even when we have taken it up, there will be many moments when we would lay it down if we dared, to child-

ishly insist that it is too great for human shoulders, as indeed it is—were we walking alone. But it is a peculiarly Christian mystery. For who but a Christian could really sing, with such reckless abandon as St. Paul's, in his own newfound joy 'God forbid that I should *glory* save in the cross of Christ?' The mystery only deepens when we hear him tell those first Christians that they must 'fill that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ . . . which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.' What a thing to tell a group of ordinary newly converted Christians, probably timid every-day people like ourselves! How appalled they must have been, if indeed they understood it at all! That daily abnegation, that total and indiscriminate self-offering, disciplining all our favorite 'likes' and 'dislikes' tugging at tap-roots of self-absorption—that abandonment of every last bit of our foolish ways to God and never taking ourselves back—that is to be our glory! It is this remodeling and recurring redeeming action daily that is to issue, in a life of joy and confidence and the 'peace that passes understanding.'

Of course we can't understand it; who would unless, taught by Love, all loves excelling, we took a chance and found out for ourselves that it is true?

So all these trials and tribulations and petty disappointments and immense changes and chances of this mortal life, these wars and rumours of wars which are shared by Christian and pagan, sinner and saint, scientist and poet, aren't Christian crosses at all; they are just circumstances which are the stuff of living whether we like it or not. Only we may decide how they shall be used and transformed into strength and tranquil creative service and there lies the secret: shall they be met stoically, or graciously, sullenly or lovingly, with Christ or without Him? How let God work through His will shine in them. It is the hidden motive behind the same circumstances that

marks the difference between the Christian and the worldling (or should). To the worldling the plus mark is foolishness, to the egoist or self-sufficient a stumbling-block, but what to us who believe? Why, say St.

Paul and St. Francis and saints named Mary and Joseph and John—and many an unknown saint and neighbor. To us who believe, *Christ the power of God* and the *dom of God*—and the *Glory!*

And He Smiles At Me

BY S. PHILIP COLEHOUR

FATHER Shirley C. Hughson glances up, a little startled by my unexpected entrance into the study. But his eyes are so kind and gentle, and a warm friendly smile of loving greeting is about his mouth.

You interrupt me to say that cannot be occurring today, since Father Hughson is most happy and contented now—in Heaven?

"Oh," I hasten to answer, "but that does happen, and many times a day! Father Drake of the Holy Cross Monastery sent me a wonderful picture of the late Father Hughson, and it hangs on the most prominent place on a wall of my room.

Long ago—before I received that photograph—a devout friend sent me a copy of Father Hughson's book, *The Warfare of the Soul, Practical Studies in the Life of Temptation*. That friend knew, as I did not then, that my disappointments and discomforts and restlessness—my sometimes torturing unhappiness—were caused by my yielding to numerous and varied temptations. That friend knew that I was lost.

Well, I unwrapped that book when it arrived, only somewhat curious about what it might be. Many books line several walls of my room, from floor to ceiling. Even books in foreign languages have been constant friends. One reason just another book to put on my shelves did not excite me was because, that day, I was experiencing the feeling of complete and devastating failure, in spite of a good job, much travel and education, many friends who were prominent, some of them famous.

Nonchalantly, I opened *The Warfare of the Soul* and read carefully the first sentence which caught my eye. Those words were going to change my whole outlook on

life, were to lead me out of a wretched darkness which was foul!

"... our own personality must not be forgotten, for let it ever be kept in mind *the issue of our individual battle depends on ourselves* ... our personal will. ... The will of man is free, and this makes him the central factor in the spiritual warfare."

From those pages, I realized instantly what was coming the spirit of a monk whom I should have known many years ago. I stared across the room sightlessly, dumbfounded. Then attaining the happiness I craved, I did not to come to me from the outside! I could not beg, borrow or steal it. I could not buy it—as I had most things I had ever desired. "... the issue of our individual battle depends on ... our personal will!"

My will!

Father Hughson, I knew, was a monk. When he was talking to me with the placid wisdom and understanding of a modern psychologist! Monks, I had always thought, were ignorant men living out of this modern world, behind walls so that they could hide, cowardly, and can dream unmolested in an impractical seclusion colored by superstition and legend of the forgotten Middle Ages.

Rapidly I ruffled the pages of the book, searching for, but not finding, a picture of this man whose warm hand I was feeling on my shoulder. What did he look like, his words effecting me as they did. Never before I felt such happy shock from any other book!

Frantically I read here and there in *The Warfare of the Soul*, haphazardly and impatiently, almost dazed. The words of Father Hughson were like water to a man who had not drunk for days and days.

"We are sent into the world," he wrote

that we might spend our life in a state of warfare, and in so far as this condition is different from any life, just so far is that a failure."

My unhappiness and dread of myself because of my sins, then, was just normal, as if I was in my forties! To be expected was to have a *whole* life to live! My finding a way of living which would be approved by God—why, it could all be achieved simply by exercising a determined will! My will! Over which only I had complete control!

So, my life was not yet a failure. That failure would come only if Satan was eventually to conquer me. His will to out-will my

again I hurriedly read more.

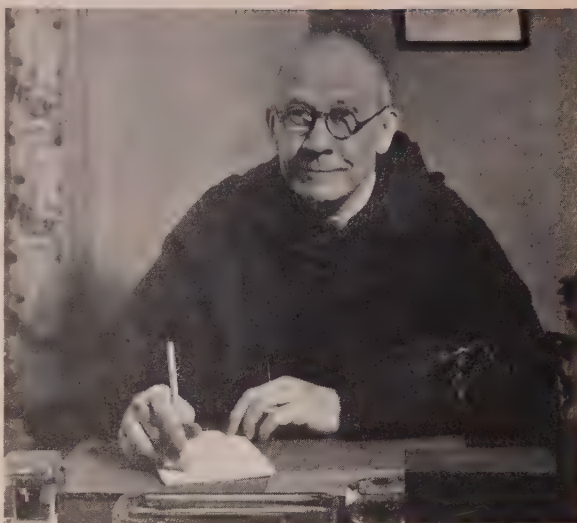
A psychological principle we should never lose sight of is that the attitude of mind and effort towards all moral questions is just what we choose to make it. Surround a man with debasing associations, and let him yield to the resulting influences, and he becomes debased. On the other hand, the influence of a pure and noble environment makes for purity and nobility of character. Every man molds his inner character, and in that outward expression of character that we call life, is the product of the influence to which he molds himself."

I was struck again by the thought. My life must have a pure and noble environment only. I have a picture of this Father Hughson, suddenly realized. He is my personal saint. I sat down and wrote to the Holy Cross Press, requesting a picture, any kind of picture, of this great Shirley C. Hughson. Again I grabbed up the book.

"If . . . by persistent acts of will we force the memory to recall the righteous passages from our past, far-off happenings sweet and holy, we, little by little, train it to retain these righteous things, while all other impressions grow more and more dim as the years go by."

Yes, I must forget past sins which disturb my conscience, now and then, and look only up and ahead towards the beneficent Father Hughson.

"Especially must we exercise this dili-



SHIRLEY CARTER HUGHSON
[Anniversary, November 16]

gence when we perceive the tempter's approach. When we become conscious of the slightest suggestion that seems to point to sin, let the will rally all our faculties to expell it, and to fill the mind so full that it can have no chance of returning."

And ". . . with every return to God in penitence man's powers are recuperated; he regains somewhat of his former strength. Nay, more, the spiritual strength we lay hold of through penitence is often greater than that which we lost through sin."

Father Hughson, I whispered, you have come to me—will always remain with me. Anything you bid, I shall gladly do. But what do you look like, man who are my saint?

It was not long before ever-thoughtful Father Drake sent me the picture which I had requested. Reverently and kneeling, thanking God, I opened the heavy envelope. As I drew out the picture, I felt all the strength of a warrior who can only win!

In that picture Father Hughson was gazing out, straight at me, and I could tell he was just about to say, smiling so gently,

"Phil, it all depends on you—and your will!"

"Yes, Father," I said softly, humbly and smiling gently, too.

I say that to him many times a day.

Multiplying The Baskets

BY SISTER MARY TERESA, O.S.H.

YOU have heard many times the story of the multiplying of the loaves and fishes, but have you ever thought of the multiplying of the baskets, too? Recall the picture. The little lad in the great crowd following Jesus was the only one who, knowing that he would be out with this Wonderful Man all day (oh, the faith of children!) had brought his lunch—some loaves, probably little rounded flat ones, and five little fish. All, I am sure, were neatly wrapped up in a cloth and put in a basket by his mother, for what boy without his mother's urging would pack a basket lunch instead of just stuffing something to eat in a paper in his pocket? But mothers, you know, always take pride in their children's lunches, be they school lunches or picnic lunches. So there he was, the little lad with the basket.

And near the close of the day the crowd grew hungry. There was no food to be had anywhere. But Andrew recalled the little lad with his basket of food, so mentioned him to our Lord. Why? I cannot think it was because of faith in any forthcoming miracle, else why his words: "But what is that among so many?" No, perhaps it just came to his mind that he had seen some food somewhere. But Jesus, using the means ready at hand, as he always did, multiplied the loaves and fishes, made the crowd sit down on the grass (how I like that touch—grass to sit down on!), then fed every hungry person in that crowd of 5,000. And when they were satisfied he bade his disciples gather up the fragments left and they filled twelve baskets. There must have been many more than twelve baskets to pass the food around in the first place. One little basket is multiplied sufficiently to serve all that great crowd. So you see that multiplying the baskets is just as much an intrinsic part of the miracle as is the multiplying of the loaves and fishes.

How like Jesus to think of ways and means as well as the outstanding essentials when He

told His disciples to feed the multitude! Here this multiplying of the baskets no suggestion for us in these days when, in spite of our good intentions, of our keen desire to serve, everything seems to go wrong? We often say, if I only had the means—the baskets, as it were, to carry our bread to the poor. We have the bread and, God's pity, we still have the poor. Yes, we have bread, but how get one to the other? We have the teeming crops and in cities close by the starving slums and our baskets lie stacked in a corner. We have the warmth and joy by the hearth and, around the corner, the cold and despair of the slum. We have the hope and confidence felt in our church pews and without, the desolation of the hopeless. Yet we have bread, bread for our bodies and the Bread of life, but where are the baskets necessary if we are to feed the multitude? And the pity of it all is we forget to thank God for our asking would multiply the baskets, too. We have almost forgotten that good old saying, "The Lord will provide." We think it is tempting Providence to go ahead with our plans before we have all the ways and means clearly in view, not in our very hands. And so we waste our time with committees that accomplish nothing, and with plans that evaporate. Not St. Teresa when she set out to make new foundations. All she had was the equivalent of a few loaves and fishes—a few pence, as it were—but she had much faith, so the foundations were made. God multiplied the few pence and provided the baskets for the feast that was to feed his harvest of souls.

Our faith is so weak, our trust so lacking in these days that we dread to undertake the tasks we plan or to expect the things we desire. Does not the reason for our failure lie in the fact that we do not put faith first? The money to pay, the patronage to back us, the influential friends to support us: these are what we put first in our new undertakings. We do not put faith first so God's work remains undone. We see on

we wish, so far no farther. We never think of God's being eager to provide the baskets for us, the ways and means of making our needs materialize. Christ taught us another viewpoint: Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all these things will be added unto you. Faith, trust, love—these must come first, then all else will follow both for our own needs and the things we desire for others.

All this does not mean that we have no need for the practical man as well as for the dreamer. There must be both those who see visions and those who make bricks. The man in the committee must be backed up by the man at the prie-dieu. Then both the loaves and the fishes will be provided and the baskets multiplied. There are always some sitting down on the grass holding out their hands for the loaves, and there must be some to carry the baskets. But, first of all, there must be some who, like Andrew, say prayerfully, "They have no bread," or like our Lady, "They have no wine." Trust in God for the loaves and fishes, or for the wine, but also trust Him for the baskets.



CURE D'ARS

Book Reviews

THE CHURCH TEACHES. *Edward T. Gushee*. Privately Printed. Paper. 51 pp. Fifty Cents (Quantity Orders at Discount by Writing the Author at 2000 Second Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.)

This is a second printing of a valuable little instruction manual first published in 1946. The author is a son of the late Father Richard Gushee, one of the stalwarts of the Catholic revival. As Bishop Mallett says, in the Foreword, "The compilation and the publishing of a booklet on the Eucharist—the central teaching of the Church—both reflects the author's own sense of values and is a compliment of the purest order to his father and to his spiritual background." It is good to have a book of this kind from a layman. There are several ceremonial directions which are questionable, e.g., the necessity of kneeling until the candles on the altar are extinguished; but they are small matters

really. Two serious errors remain in the second printing: the reference to the Holy Sacrifice as "a re-enactment of our Lord's Crucifixion" is, if not heretical, certainly open to misinterpretation; and, the foot-note on dispensation from the communion fast (p. 19) gives the impression that a "self-dispensation" is permitted. Copies of this book may be had from Morehouse-Gorham Co., and Holy Cross Press.

—A. D.

REASONS. Chaplains' Press Publication by McGuire-Johnson, Wadsworth, Illinois. Published Monthly in Weekly Sections. Single Subscription \$1.50 Per Year. Quotations for Quantity and Bulk Subscriptions on Request.

"Why do we find hope for our own immortality in the fact that Christ rose from the dead? Is the sacrament of Holy Penance the only way in which God forgives sins? If

the Church is the source of all truth, why doesn't it grow faster? If God is good, why does He let us suffer?" These are the titles of the initial four Tracts of a proposed series which will be published weekly with a Sunday date and sent out in advance once each month. The format is a fold-over six page affair $6\frac{1}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{8}$ —very handy for mailing, printed on slick paper. They are written primarily for the Churchman aware of his Catholic heritage, and, as stated in the publishers' announcement, "to fortify the faith of the reader to withstand the continual attacks of a secular and materialistic world."

Some of the statements are questionable as to *form*, but there is little question as to the author's meaning and that his real meaning is sound. Careful editing of future issues should obviate what appears to have been hurriedly written and the proof reading could be more carefully done. Direct quotations should be exactly worded. With these few mild criticisms we are glad to recommend these Tracts to our readers.

—A. D.

STORY-A-DAY. Story-a-Day, Inc. New York. Pp. 33. Price, 25c.

This new children's magazine for children

between the ages of three and seven is certainly superior to the vast majority of publications of the same *genre*. Whereas they seem nowadays to be wholly pre-occupied with space ships, and violence with ray-guns and other revolting weapons, this production is refreshingly free from such un-edifying nonsense. Not that the stories and illustrations in *Story-a-Day* are stodgy, or, we venture to think, uninteresting for children. Indeed they are more attractive in approach as they are more satisfying in moral tone. Although there is no wearisome repetition of moralizing, moral truth is there, for the child to discover with the aid of those who have the sacred trust, he or she, is. More, a place is made for God and the necessity of worshipping Him.

It is true that the stories are far from embodying a Catholic child's catechism with their structure, but what is there is good and the potential teaching substantial for the Christian parent to draw out and elaborate.

The publication is distributed through a medium of nearly four thousand chain food stores and should therefore be accessible to many readers.

—D. A. V.



PIETA
(French—15th Century)

Notes From Mount Calvary

Now that autumn has come the "Magic Mountain" renews its enchantments for another season of retreats and special preaching in the West.

We are most happy to have Fr. Turkington with us. He was immediately plunged into the spate of retreats which follow vacation-time in Southern California. September is a hot month and sometimes buffeted with what are locally known as "Santa Ana's,"—hot dust storms from the deserts over the mountains. These hot winds descend upon us on their way to the ocean. But they are sometimes stopped by cold breezes from the sea, and Mount Calvary is caught in the hot winds. Santa Barbara rivers in the cold sea air while we on the mountain roast. During these sieges of torrid air, the thermometers will go up to 85 or 90 degrees and stay there all night. Under such conditions, retreats are difficult! So retreat time does not usually begin until after September.

However we had two retreats during September. St. Mary-of-the-Angels, Hollywood, came the first week-end and found pleasant weather. But the theological students from CDSP were harried a bit the last night of their stay by a rather mild "Santa Ana." I say "mild" one, for it was not accompanied by the usual dust storm. Fr. Terry gave the retreat to the laymen and Fr. Turkington gave the theologians a fruitful time with plenty to think about.

The rest of September brought cool weather with a number of guests.

Holy Cross Day found all four of us together. Then Fr. Terry went to take charge of St. Matthias', Los Angeles, so that the rector, Fr. McLane, one of our Priests Associate, could have his holiday. Fr. Tiedemann went to the summer convent of the Sisters of the Transfiguration to make his retreat.

In October, Fr. Turkington gave a retreat at Mount Calvary for a group from Pomona. Fr. Baldwin met the men from Torrance, and Fr. Terry gave meditations to a

group from San Marino. During the last week Fr. Baldwin gave a retreat for chaplains from various branches of the Armed Forces.

On St. Luke's Day and the four days following, Fr. Turkington preached a Mission at St. Luke's Church, Prescott, Arizona, where our Priest-Associate, Fr. Trimble, is rector. Both Fr. Tiedemann and Fr. Adams have preached previously in that delightful parish.

In November Fr. Terry gave schools of prayer in Monterey and in Whittier, California. One parish is to the north, the other to the south of us.

Two retreats were given in November to groups from Camarillo and Tujunga.

At the end of November Fr. Baldwin and Fr. Turkington preached a Mission for Children at St. Mark's Church, Palo Alto, and gave a school of prayer at Watsonville.

Fr. Terry preached a mission in Leavenworth, Kansas, and a School of Prayer at Tujunga, California.

Before Lent Fr. Baldwin will give schools of prayer first in and around Seattle and from there during Lent go to several engagements in Alaska. Passion Week he will preach in Pueblo, Colorado, and Holy Week in Phoenix, Arizona.



MOUNT CALVARY MONASTERY
Air View From the North

So, you see, our work carries us from Arizona on the south to Alaska in the north and east to Colorado and Kansas. This is a big crusade for Christ. We would not dare to undertake it without the knowledge that many souls are supporting us by their prayers.

Our best news item is the fact that the Sisters of the Holy Nativity now own prop-

erty in Santa Barbara, the gift of a generous friend, and hope to begin their retreat work in the autumn of 1954. Retreats for men are greatly sought and similar opportunities for women are now in sight. This means more need of prayer. This opportunity for prayer is the most Christian of activities. Please help Mount Calvary at St. Mary's Retreat House with your prayers. It is the most you can do for us.



FR. TIEDEMANN GREETs RETREATANTS AT MOUNT CALVARY

Notes

Father Superior conducted a school of prayer at the Church of Our Saviour, Chicago, Illinois and preached at All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, on the patronal festival.

Father Parsell left for an extended set of engagements during which he spoke on the work of the Holy Cross Mission, Bolahun.

He spoke at Holy Cross Church, Norwalk, Connecticut; Holy Cross Church, Plainfield, New Jersey; Philadelphia University; St. Vincent's Seminary, Philadelphia; St. Vincent's Seminary, New Jersey; Grace Church, Waterford, New Jersey; Saint Luke's Church, Altoona, Pennsylvania; Saint Matthew's Church, Evanston, Illinois. After these he conducted a retreat for women at DeKoven Foundation, Racine, Wisconsin.

Father Whittemore has given several

retreats at Holy Cross Monastery. He caused a minor catastrophe because of worldly interests. As one of these people are addicted to big league baseball, he was investigating our primitive radio equipment in the professed common-room. The device which bore this means of communication with the outer world had a weak leg as a result of tactual interference with the table, the radio and all else fell on Father Whittemore's head and from thence to the floor. Our curiosity was aroused, and on entering the common-room, found the warm autumn sun illuminating the scene of disaster. Father Whittemore presented a Laotian appearance as he stood there draped with electric wires. The age of miracles has not ended for the radio set still worked despite the fact that its tiny case was broken in several places. It meant that he was able to cheer the World Series!

Father Hawkins conducted missions at Saint Mark's Church, Coldwater, Michigan, and the Church of the Holy Communion, Paterson, New Jersey.

Father Harris supplied one Sunday at Saint James' Church, Lake Delaware, New York.

Father Bicknell conducted a mission for young people at Saint Joseph's Church, Queens Village, Long Island, New York.

Father Packard visited nine Church seminaries as director of the Seminarists Association; preached a mission at Saint Paul's Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; conducted a quiet day and preached at Emmanuel Church, Bellows Falls, Vermont.

Father Adams conducted two successive missions, one for adults and one for young people at Saint John's Church, Montreal, Canada; he followed this engagement with a quiet day at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, New York City.

Father Gunn preached missions at Saint Joseph's Church, Queens Village, Long Island; and Christ Church, New Bern, North Carolina.

Father Stevens has started on a good recovery from the operation on his back. The operation was delayed for two weeks and finally took place on Holy Cross Day! He will have to spend several months before resuming his work of preaching, and it will



probably not be until next fall that he will be back to his full schedule.

Current Appointments

Father Superior will make a visitation to the Convent of Saint Helena, Versailles, Kentucky, November 5-9. Following this he will go to Saint Andrew's, Tennessee, for the dedication of the new wing to Saint David's dormitory which was built with record speed during the summer, to house the growing number of boys enrolled in the school. On his return north, Bishop Campbell will conduct a retreat for the Community of Saint Mary at their Peekskill convent on November 22. On November 24 he will attend the annual pre-Advent meeting of the Oblates of Mount Calvary which will be held at Saint Clement's Church, Philadelphia. On December 3, Bishop Campbell will conduct a retreat for the Sisters of Saint Mary at their hospital, Bayside, Long Island.

Father Kroll will conduct a mission for the pupils and staff of Margaret Hall School, Versailles, Kentucky, November 8-15; he will also hold another mission at Saint John's Church, North Haven, Connecticut, November 29-December 6.

Father Parsell is going on a big hop. This time he will go from the Chicago area down to Saint Andrew's, Tennessee, and will be there from about November 12-22. After this he will travel out to California to Mount Calvary Monastery. He has not given in a list of his appointments during this journey, but we can assure our readers that the Liberian Mission will be a source of conversation to train conductors as well as to congregations.

Father Bicknell will assist Father Packard with a mission to be preached at Grace Church, Mohawk, New York, November 8-15; and will take one of Father Stevens' engagements, a mission at Saint Paul's Church, Clinton, North Carolina.

Father Packard will preach a mission at Grace Church, Mohawk, New York, November 8-15; will conduct a short mission at Millville, New York; he will speak at a youth rally at Trinity Church, Rutland, Vermont, November 22-23; and will preach a mission at Saint Peter's Church, Geneva, New York, November 29-December 6.

Father Adams will continue his week of quiet days at the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine during the month; will hold a school of prayer at Saint John's Church, Frostburg, Maryland, November 17-22; and will preach at Saint Simon's Church, New Rochelle, New York, November 29.

Father Gunn will conduct a mission at Saint David's Church, Glenview, Illinois, November 15-22.

Bolahun Newscast

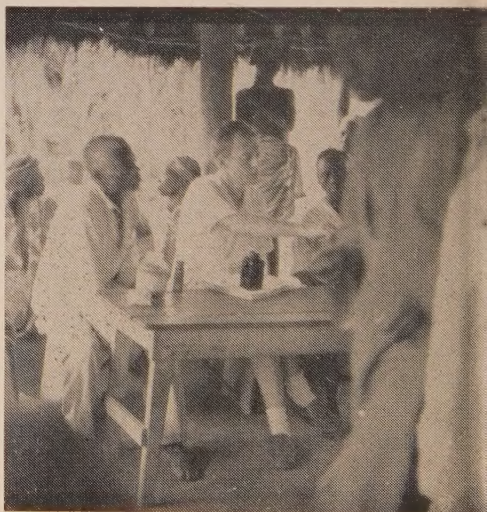
Riding on the front of the Landrover (jeep) is Father Joseph Smyth, M.D. Clad in a plastic raincoat and spattered with mud, he made his triumphant entry to the Mis-



sion slightly over six weeks ago. His trip from New York by airplane set the new record for travel to Bolahun. Father Smyth left New York by plane on a Sunday, and the following Saturday he was at the Mission. Father Smyth brings with him valuable first-hand experience of tropical medicine learned in the Bahamas. As Dr. Beasley is planning to return to this country early

in 1954, Father Smyth will take over the medical work as resident physician.

The work with lepers at Mbaloma is the newest medical project of the Holy Cross



Mission. Here Dr. Beasley (seated at table) is engaged in treating his patients.

These photographs, taken by the ever active Father Gill, were developed at Bolahun and sent by air mail to this country. Had the HOLY CROSS MAGAZINE for October not gone to press but a few hours before this rapid delivery, we would have been able to get this illustrated news flash to our readers a month earlier.

an Ordo of Worship and Intercession Nov. - Dec. 1953

- St Edmund Rich BC Double W gl—*for vocations to the religious life*
- St Hugh of Lincoln BC Double W gl col 2) St Gertrude V—*for spiritual discipline*
- Wednesday* G Mass of Trinity xxiv col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Servants of Christ the King*
- St Elizabeth W Double W gl—*for the spirit of love*
- Friday* G Mass as on November 18—*for vestrymen*
- Presentation BVM Gr Double W gl col 2) St Columban Ab cr pref BVM—*for the Order of Saint Helena*
- Sunday Before Advent Semidouble G gl col 2) St Cecilia VM cr pref of Trinity—*for a just distribution of wealth*
- St Clement BM Double R gl—*for the bishops of the Church*
- St John of the Cross CD Double W gl cr—*for the Priests Associate*
- St Katharine of Alexandria VM Double R gl—*for the persecuted*
- St Sylvester Ab Double W gl—at Masses of Thanksgiving Day W gl cr—*for the spirit of thankfulness*
- Friday* G Mass of Sunday col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—*for the Seminarists Associate*
- Vigil of St Andrew V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—*for Christian reunion*
- 1st Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop cr pref of Trinity—*for the awakening of the careless and worldly*
- 2nd Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop cr pref of Trinity—*for the awakening of the careless and worldly*
- St Andrew Ap Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—*for St Andrew's School*
- December 1 *Tuesday* V Mass of Advent i col 2) of St Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop Gradual without Alleluia on ferias in Advent—*for the faithful departed*
- Wednesday* V Mass as on December 1—*for chaplains in the armed services*
- St Francis Xavier C Double W gl col 2) Advent i—*for the missions of the Church*
- Friday* V Mass as on December 1—*for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross*
- Saturday* V Mass of St Mary W gl col 2) St Sabas Ab 3) Advent i pref BVM (Veneration)—*for the Confraternity of the Christian Life*
- 2nd Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) St Nicholas BC 3) Advent i cr pref of Trinity—*for the peace of the world*
- St Ambrose BCD Double W gl col 2) Advent i cr—*for the Oblates of Mount Calvary*
- Conception BVM Double II Cl W gl col 2) Advent cr pref BVM—*for Christian Family Life*
- Wednesday* V Mass of Advent ii col 2) Advent i 3) of St Mary—*for Mount Calvary Monastery*
- Thursday* V Mass as on December 9—*For the Confraternity of the Love of God*
- Friday* V Mass as on December 9—*for the Liberian Mission*
- Saturday* V Mass of St Mary W gl col 2) Advent i 3) of the Holy Spirit—*for the Holy Cross Press*
- 3d Sunday in Advent Semidouble V col 2) St Lucy VM 3) Advent i cr pref of Trinity—*for ordination candidates*
- Monday* V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i 3) for the faithful departed 4) of St Mary—*for the spirit of penitence*
- Tuesday* V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i 3) of St Mary—*for religious education*
- Ember Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) Advent i 3) of St Mary—*for the increase of the ministry*

NOTE—On the days indicated in italics ordinary votive or requiem Masses may be said.

..... Press Notes

THERE ARE SOMETIMES unforeseen delays in getting a publication through to completion, and that is why it is always difficult to set a definite publication date. However, we are working on a new book which consists of brief daily meditations on the Collects from the *Book of Common Prayer*. It is based on an older work of the late Father Hughson, O.H.C., and is now expanded and revised. The editorial work has been done by Fr. Gunn, O.H.C. (who does the actual work of editing *Holy Cross Magazine*), and those who have read the work in manuscript feel that it will make a valuable addition to anyone's library of spiritual works. We hope that the book will be ready for distribution before Christmas as it would make a very nice Christmas gift, but we cannot promise.

TENTATIVELY WE HAD SET the price of this book at \$2.50, but we may have been too optimistic. Printing costs are higher now than ever before, and the cost of binding, cloth, paper—all have advanced, and are continuing to advance. Labor is a very large item in the production cost of books. Shipping rates (Parcel Post at least) have also gone up another notch. All in all, small concerns such as our Press are "hard put to it."

IF YOU WISH TO place an order now, you may do so at the \$2.50 price, cash with the order. We will not be able to acknowledge such orders, but the copy (or copies) will be sent as soon as the book is ready. The price, *after* publication, will probably be \$3.

SOME YEARS AGO we adopted (or tried to adopt) a rule of not sending out books,

Tracts, etc., on what is known as "on consignment", i. e., if the books were not sold or used by the purchaser, they could be returned for Credit. After several unhappy experiences in which we practically lost friends, (we always suffered a financial loss) we have decided to enforce this rule and will not, under any conditions, make exceptions. Books, Tracts, etc., sent as orders are not returnable. If we should send you a defective copy of a book, or Tract, we will, of course, replace it on notification.

IN THIS ISSUE OF the Magazine you will find a special subscription blank and we hope that you will use it. Please note, however, that the blank is for NEW subscriptions only and we ask you not to use this particular blank for subscription renewals. Thank you.

YOU WILL HAVE TO FORGIVE a personal note at this point: Having been here for over ten years, and having sent out several thousands of letters and cards signed "The Rev'd A. I. Drake, Business Manager", I imagined that most of our good customers, friends and subscribers, would have realized that I am *not*: 1. The Father Superior; 2. The Guest Master; 3. The Editor of *Holy Cross Magazine*; 4. The Father-in-Charge of Holy Cross Monastery; 5. A member of the Order of the Holy Cross. I am none of these. I am an extern priest living in the Monastery, and employed by The Order to do the clerical work in the office of The Press. I do not rate "O.H.C." after my name. The now defunct "Father Drake's Page" was purely my own idea and did not, in any way, reflect the ideas, opinions, or the spirit of the Order of the Holy Cross.